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THE
New Interest Display'd;
A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
A Curate and *a Cobbler*.

ADDRESS'D TO
The Freeholders of Oxfordshire.

L O N D O N:

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A COWARD AND A CONSCIENTIOUS

ADDRESS TO

THE FELLOWS OF OXFORD

LONDON

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1894

A

Politico-Theological DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A CURATE and a COBLER.

Curate.

SO, Thomas, you are at it this Morning!

Cob. Yes, Master, I must work, or else there is no eating at my House.

Cur. Why your Trade and mine in that Respect is somewhat alike.

Cob. No, Master, but very little! Two Hours of a Sunday is not like twelve long Hours every Day, Sir.

Cur. But don't you think I am forced to work as hard as you all the Week to get ready for Sunday.

Cob. Work all the Week, Sir? No, no, your Work's ready done for you. 'Tis old Work, indeed, and so far it resembles mine, and perhaps you may *tack* it together a little: But you have no *hammering* either of Leather or Brains about your Work. The Coblers of former Days took Care of you, Sir. Old *Andrews* and *Stil-*

A 2

ling fleet,

lingfleet, and *Tillotson*, and *Patrick*, and many more old *Soul Savers*, all work'd for you before you were born. 'Tis a happy Thing when a Man has had such Friends live before him, Sir. Don't you think so?

Cur. Well, but, Thomas, you say you must work, or else there is no Eating at your House. Come, you shall eat and drink heartily to Day all at free cost, I assure you.—There is a brave Entertainment, at two o'Clock at the *Split-crow*, given by two *very worthy* Gentlemen, and there will be special Company for you, Thomas, there will be the M. of B. and Dr. P——o. Mr. Justice A——n the Mercer, and Mr. S——r and H——e Apothecaries, there will be Mr. Oliver J——nes and honest Tom P——l, who cries Newcastle Salmon, and roars a M——gb louder than any Man in the Town: And I shall be there myself, and you shall sit next me. — A brave Company, Thomas!

Cob. A brave and special Set truly! and all these to dine at the *Split-crow*! Good Lord! where can they fit? The House is no bigger than a good Pig-stye, and not one bit cleaner. I am afraid there's some dirty Work going forward, by pitching upon so dirty a House. An elegant Entertainment at the *Split-crow*! ha, ha, ha! O dear, I shall split my Sides with Laughing.

Cur. Come, Thomas, give me your Hand. I shall set you down in my List. I'll assure you, 'twill turn to good Account at the last.

Cob. Well! I like your Joke, I tell you, Sir. For we Coblers live by the *Last*: And I fancy you

you Curates find some little Benefit, don't you, Sir? After the Apothecary has made his Bill as long as he can, and the Physician finding no more Darby forthcoming, puts the Half-pence upon the Eyes, and then your Harvest comes *at Last*. A good filken Streamer in your Beaver, a Pair of black Shammies, and now and then a golden Hoop for the biggest Finger you have.—Come, come, Sir, these *Lasts* are no bad Things.

Cur. Why, there's certainly something in what you say. I have no Aversion to such Perquisites. The silk Hatband, Thomas, you know, will serve to oblige some *honest Girl* or so, as we Fellows of Colleges have no Wives.

Cob. Ods-blues! Master, you talk of Presents to *honest Girls*, have you heard of the Engagement in the *Wood*: there's Work for you! the *Wood* there just by the London Road, by Shot-over Hill?

Cur. No, Thomas, I never trouble my Head about News: But will you dine with me at the Split-crow.

Cob. I don't love, Sir, to be too hasty in my Promises: But I would fain have you hear this Story of the *Wood*. 'Tis really a serious Affair, and worth enquiring into.

Cur. For my Part I don't know what you are talking about; I only want to know if you'll dine with us.

Cob. Why, then, Sir, I'll tell you the Report. You know first of all that *Curates* and *Coblers* are Flesh and Blood as well as other Folks; and sometimes, in warmer Weather than ordinary, are as subject to Temptations as other People.

Cur.

Cur. Prithee let us talk of *Eating* and *Drinking*.

Cob. Why I think that's as bad as what I am upon. You want to draw me to *Surfeiting* and *Drunkennes*, and you won't hear what I have to say to something like *Chambering* and *Wantonness*. Now, Sir, if you'll hear me first, I'll listen to you afterwards. I assure you mine is an excellent Subject for your next *Sunday's* Preachment. For you know, Sir, *Whoring* should be Pulpit-thump'd as well as *Popery*.

Cur. Why, Thomas, you give me noble Instructions truly.

Cob. I am glad you like them, Sir. I had always a Value for you, that's true. I would have you change your Stile a little, and not be always leading the poor *Pretender* such a weary Life.—Poor Creature of him! why he's as safe as safe can be, away from us. I don't think he'll ever do us any harm. For my Part I'm of an easy Disposition, and one of the *Bray* Breed; quiet under any Government; happy under his present Majesty, and if there was another here, it would be all one to Thomas; I should be glad to Heelpiece a Pair of Shoes now and then for him; one Man's Money is as good as another.—And I don't doubt but *you*, Sir, would tickle him up with a little something pretty, in hopes of a Canonry of *Windsor*, or some such snug Thing.—Come what signifies talking about Folks over the Herring-pool. Let us come to the Point.

Cur. Why, the Point is, whether you'll dine with me?

Cob.

Cob. Since we have Time enough, Sir, I'll tell you then. You must know not long since a young wanton *Courtezan* and an old *Bawd* were got lounging under that same Wood about two Miles off, I suppose to be out of the reach of the Proctors, for they are mortal Enemies to such Sort of Game; and who should come by but a certain Curate, who had been foddering his Flock at some Place not far off; and spying these Gentry in such an idle Situation, he rode up to them, whether with an Intent to chastise them for spending the Lord's Day so idly, or what else, you'll hear by and by.

Cur. I don't care, Friend, to hear any more of it.

Cob. Ods-blues, Sir, hear it out. I know you go that Way yourself; but what then: An innocent Man need not fear any Report, you know, Sir.

Cur. Well, but I don't care to encourage idle Stories.

Cob. Why, but, Sir, you can't tell what Story 'tis, till you hear all the Circumstances of it.— You know *Will Luberkin*, who lives at the little House at the foot of the Hill. *Will* heard the whole Matter, and was an Eye-witness, thro' a Hedge, of all the whole Transaction, and he's ready to swear to it before any Justice alive.— Look you, 'tis very remarkable, he vows 'twas of *Easter Sunday* last in the Afternoon, of all the Days in the Year; and that you know is a very noted Day.

Cur. Well, and what of all this?

Cob.

Cob. Why, Sir, *Will* tells me that the Curate came off very handsome with them. He gave them a Shilling a-piece, and had the Courage too to desire a second Meeting on another *Sunday*; I'll warrant you had he been a *Rector*, the Girl had got a new Pair of Stockings out of him.—But you know 20 *l.* a Year, Sir, won't afford more from a poor Curate.

Cur. Well, Thomas, with what design do you tell me this?

Cob. Why, Sir, out of pure good Nature. I know you ride by there every *Sunday*; and who can tell what traps these Gypsies may set, to catch a Man in an unguarded Hour. 'Tis very dangerous I'll give you my Word, Sir: For *Will* tells me the young one is a naughty Hildon; no sounder than she should be, and therefore out of pure love I'd have you ride by without looking towards the Wood-Side: For these Woods be queer Places. The Hedges have Eyes, and the Trees overlook you; so that let the Wench be ever so tight Leg and Darby, beware, Sir. I would not have you injur'd in any one Part of your Corporation.

Cur. Well, Thomas, I thank you kindly; here's half a Crown for thee, but prithee quash this Story as much as you can; for People will be apt to think it was I, because I go that Way. Tell all People, 'tis a scandalous Lye, and that (if there is any Room for it) the *Gentleman* will put them in Jail for talking about it. Bring your Friend *Will* to my Chamber *Tuesday* Night next, (but be sure don't come till 'tis quite dark) and I'll
stop

stop *his* Mouth with Money, and *thine* with as much as you can eat and drink, for I have some Money put in my Hands to be distributed in *charitable* Uses, Thomas.

Cob. Thank you, Master ; I'll do honour to your Commands ; but I can't promise you for *Will's* Towardliness : For he's an obstinate, honest Dog as ever lived. — But I'll try to sooth him, Sir. He's at present out of Work, and perhaps the King's Pictures may have some Influence with him.

Cur. Well, Thomas, now to the Point.—I know you are a Freeholder, and I don't doubt but you'll oblige me with your Vote for my Friends ; as far as you can in Conscience : And that's all I desire.

Cob. Very fair ! and honestly spoken, Sir.

Cur. Why then you know, Thomas, there is a great Struggle in the County for Members at the next Election.

Cob. I understand you, Sir.

Cur. You know that the Outcry is for the *Old Interest* Men, and I suppose you know what they mean by *Old Interest*.

Cob. Yes, Sir, very well. The *Old Interest* are brave Gentlemen truly. They serve us at their own Expence, Sir ; they take no Places nor Pensions ; they spend their own Money, and try all they can to bring *England* to its old honest Situation, to subsist I mean without Soldiers and Taxes. A happy Condition that truly, I wish I could once see it : I should then afford to drink

B

many

many a good Cup of Comfort more than I can now, Sir.

Cur. Why, Thomas, you don't look upon these to be *honest* Gentlemen, do you?

Cob. Oh thoroughly honest, Master! or else there is no such Thing.

Cur. Poh! 'tis all Farce, 'tis nothing but a meer Pretence, Thomas; I thought you had more Understanding. Don't you think *they* are honefter Men, who spend their time in abusing a Popish Pretender.

Cob. No in good Faith. Here's a trade about a poor Pretender. Why don't you preach against the unchristian Jews? A vagabond Set of Wretches that carry more Danger with them by half. I wish they don't buy our Country, and then turn Rascals to his Majesty. Now, Sir, in my Opinion 'tis wrong to be always inveighing against the Pretender. You know in some Cases he's a necessary Sort of a Spark. If you want a new *Levy*, 'tis but feigning a Plot, and let the Pretender be at the Bottom, and the Business is done: 'Tis not right certainly to be always abusing such a necessary Friend to Government; but you Clergy are strange ungrateful Folks; you are always abusing the *Devil* too; why you know, Sir, if there was no Devil, you'd have no Business. Touch both gently then. Shew no Ingratitude, 'tis an ugly Vice.

Cur. So, Thomas, you are quite a Dictator, but I can tell you, your *Old Interest Men* are
no

no Friends to Government, because they don't preach against Popery as we *Whigs* do.

Cob. As I have had the Happiness of an Oxford Education, tho' but in a Cobling Way, yet by conversing with my Betters and some learned Men, I am so much improv'd, that in some Cases, I think, I can dispute as well as a *Taberder of Queen's College*.

Cur. What signifies that?

Cob. Why, Sir, I'll tell you. I think what you advanc'd about preaching against a Popish *Pretender* carries no Conclusion with it.

Cur. What Fault do you find with it, Thomas?

Cob. Why in the first Place, Sir, you say you preach every *Sunday* against a Popish *Pretender* and against *Popery*; and therefore you conclude you are a better Friend to Government than the *Old Interest Men*.

Cur. I do say so, and so conclude.

Cob. Then I say 'tis no Conclusion at all. Let us sift it a little, my good Master. — You say you preach against Popery, *ergo* (is not that the Term in the Schools at Lent) you are a better Friend to Government than *Old Interest Men*. I suppose you mean if they preach *for* Popery, or don't preach at all. Don't you see how inconclusive you are. Come I won't tie you down to Mood and Figure (as they call it.) But I say that if they do not every *Sunday* preach against Popery, they may be as good Friends to the Government as you. I assure you I might have said *better*. — The preaching and inculcating moral and religious Duties tend to the Support

and Preservation of Government: *Render to Cæsar the Things that are Cæsar's*, can never come from the Mouth of an Enemy to Cæsar; and such Preachers are as good Friends as the Government desire.—But to be always crying down the Pretender (a poor Creature never read of in Scripture) and to make this the Test of being a Friend to King George, I mean by tacking on his Name to every Sermon, is no real mark of Friendship to his Majesty; 'tis fishing after Preferment, and what, I dare say, his Majesty inwardly laughs at, and despises as venial Duty:—I deny therefore the Inference, and do aver, that for proving yourself in this Manner a better King George's Man, your Consequence necessarily makes you a worse Christian, because, *Charity hopeth all Things*.

Cur. Thomas, I can't take the drift of your Argument.

Cob. Then I'll endeavour to help you out. If you acted the Part of a good Christian, you should not raise uncharitable Censures: You should not condemn *Old Interest Men*, for not bawling every *Sunday* against the *Pretender*, as so many Enemies to his Majesty; this is unchristian, because a Man may be a very honest and faithful Subject, who has lost his *Speech*, and can't preach at all: A man may be a faithful Subject, who is not *ordain'd* to preach, and so, Sir, I hope now you take the drift of my Argument?

Cur. But you must know, my Friend, that we of the *Court Party* know who and who's together: And tho' we don't ever hear these Gentlemen

tlemen inculcate any Thing but religious and moral Duties, yet we know the *Hearts* of them very well.

Cob. Worse and worse still! my Bible (it is an old black Letter'd one indeed, but perhaps yours is a new Sort of one) tells me that no one knows the Hearts of man but God alone. How say you now, Sir?

Cur. Why, strictly speaking, I believe you are right.

Cob. Then I'll make one just Inference for you, and conclude that strictly speaking you are *wrong*. And therefore I say that in presuming to judge a Man to be a *Jacobite*, or an Enemy to his present Majesty, in his Heart, whose Doctrines are to recommend all moral and religious Duties and Christian Obedience to all that are in Authority, is a Violation of the Laws of Christianity, and what no Christian Government will ever support; I hope so at least.

Cur. Then I suppose you would have me thought a greater Enemy to Government than a peaceable and quiet *Old Interest Man*?

Cob. Verily so, Sir. Uncharitable Censures tend to alienate the Affections of very good Subjects. 'Tis really provoking to be always suspected, and misrepresented for being quiet Men; and was I King George (as I am but a Cobler) I'd look upon all such as Disturbers of my Subjects Tranquillity, and Men who study'd *Not* to be quiet.

Cur. Aye, Thomas, when you are a King, we shall be finely govern'd.

Cob.

Cob. No Matter for that, Sir ; you should not quit moral Duties for the Sake of preaching up political Principles, in hopes of Advancement. You should not make your Pulpits, Places of Abuse and Scandal ; nor your Churches as Market Places to roar and huzza, down with the *Old Interest*, and damn the *Pretender* in. "Honesty becometh God's House ; but thus ye make it a Den of Thieves."

Cur. Why, Thomas, you begin to be warm with me ?

Cob. It vexes me a little, Sir, to see you so dull : I hate disputing unless there is some Argument in the Case : And as I have been hitherto disappointed, I forgot I was a Cocker, and so I am apprehensive, you think, I used you as One. But come, Sir, now we are quite cool. You must own that you have the worst of the Argument hitherto, and if you can play no better a Stick, Master, I'm confident you'll never break one Head.

Cur. But I cannot give up one Point, I mean that the abusing of Popery is doing Good to the Government.

Cob. No, Master ! don't be too tenacious of a Nothing. Publick and repeated Declamations against the Pretender will make People think he has a Right to the Crown of *England* ; or else (they'll say) why do the *Whigs* take so much Pains to prove he has none ; and by thus storming about nothing, You'll unsettle Mens Minds, make them suspicious of his present Majesty's Right, which else they had never dreamt of,
and

and put us upon the Torment and Trouble of tuning their Heart Strings to their native Simplicity and honesty again. If such Men are not Enemies to Government, who are I pray?

Cur. Finely argued indeed! So you think we are Enemies to King George, for abusing the Pretender, don't you?

Cob. Yes, verily! and was I King George, I tell you, I'd encourage none, who thus create an unnecessary and hurtful Disturbance: Can't you study to be quiet, and let his Majesty reign in Peace?

Cur. Which Way must I please you, Thomas?

Cob. Why, I've told you; mind your proper Business as I do. Don't embrace Popery, nor make it more significant than it is. Remember old *Gamaliel's* Advice, let them alone: For if this Work be of Men, it will come to Nought; but if it be of God, opposing it will be fighting against God!—The worst Battle you can undertake, I assure you, Master.

Cur. You deal mightily in Scripture, Thomas, to Day.

Cob. Aye, Master; 'tis brave reading in my old Bible. It makes me a Match sometimes for a Divine, when I catch one, who has spent his Time in *political Employments*, and forgot his *real Master* for the sake of worshipping *Mammon*. There again, Sir: Oh! that Bible is an excellent Book.

Cur. So You would not have the Clergy meddle with any Thing but Divinity?

Cob.

Cob. I would have them mind *heavenly* things ; I would not have them become the *Pack-Horses* of an Election ; I should not love to see them laden with scandalous *Informations*, with offensive *Lies, Pimpings, Censures, Abuses* ; nor with any Thing inconsistent with their Profession. For by this Means they will give the Enemy an Opportunity of paying them with Interest. Every one will be apt to say, Sir, *Thou that teachest another he should not defame, Dost thou defame ? or thou that preachest to another he should neglect no Duty ; Dost thou renounce Christianity for Pelf ?* Such like Reflections will be natural, and cutting. And these Things ought not to be.

Cur. Well, Thomas, You shall have the Laurel ; I'll give the Point up to You.—But what think you if you should be applied to by the D. of M. in Person ? That will be an Honour for You !

Cob. We Coblers take but little Delight in empty Honour ; Honesty I admire. I can't eat a Duke's Question not I ; and Ten to One if he'll relish my Answer. So I fancy he'd better stay in his Palace than come to my Stall. But pray what is it he is to ask me ? If it be for my Vote, I'm sure he has no Business to ask That ; for I am told He is *Lord Something* of the County, and that the Laws forbid all such Men to meddle with Elections.

Cur. No, Thomas, no ; You are quite out there : I know of no Law forbidding what You say.

Cob.

Cob. Aye, Sir, but I do; or else my *Cook upon Littleton* deceives me.

Cur. Come, Thomas, I won't trouble my Head with *Cook upon Littleton*: You shall have it without rumaging your Law Books, that a Lord *Something* (as you term it) has no Right to interfere in Elections for Members of the House of Commons.

Cob. Then, now, Sir, I hope I am best Lawyer, and best Divine: And as for *Cobbling* that You may claim if You like it.

Cur. Upon my Word, Thomas, I own it.

Cob. Well but, Sir, You are now convinc'd, and think it, I hope, a great Imposition that the honest *Freeholder's* Vote must be requir'd by every one, who has nothing to do with it. *My Lord knows who* comes and insists on my voting for the *Lord knows what* — If I had done so, I'll warrant you some Folks had set me down for an impudent Fellow, tho' a *Freeholder*.

Cur. Well but what say You to *Me*, Thomas: I am not prohibited canvassing. — Are You engag'd the ensuing Election?

Cob. Why yes, Sir, I am.

Cur. For whom?

Cob. For the honest Old Interest, — A *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

Cur. Well but, Thomas, how came You to engage for Your Vote so soon?

Cob. To stop the Mouths of impertinent Solicitors.

Cur. Why, I suppose You were ask'd before You promis'd?

C

Cob.

Cob. Not I, truly, Sir.

Cur. A Mystery, sure!

Cob. Yes, but not of Iniquity.

Cur. Prithee unriddle it to me.

Cob. Why one Evening, after the Talk of a New Election, I began to think of determining about voting at it, and put a few Questions to myself. If there should be an Opposition against the Interest of our worthy Representatives, have I any Reason to vote against them? Have not they acted the honest Part by their Country, of which I am a Part? Have not they always voted honestly, and attended constantly? Have they ever sought after any Places or Pensions? Have not they oppos'd the Increase of such as would cause an Increase of our Taxes, and of Course bring a Burden on the Freeholders and other Subjects? Is not an Opposition to such worthy Men unreasonable? Is it not calculated by some *designing* Men, who want Pensions for their Sons and Places for *Themselves*? Don't it look as if the Opposers want to creep into P——t, that they may the sooner creep into Pensions or Titles? No, no, I'll vote for none such. I'll stick to my Integrity, and stand to my old Text: *The Old Interest for ever.*

Cur. So you promised Yourself, Thomas.

Cob. Verily: And then I can deceive no body, You know, Sir.

Cur. Why to speak plainly to You, I don't think You are engag'd at all: For look You, where there is any Contract, there must be two Persons, and as You had no body but Yourself,
Your

Your Promise is void of Course. And so now You are at Liberty, and I hope You'll promise me for Lord P——r and Sir E——d T——r, as I apply to You *first*.

Cob. Don't begin your Arguments again. You know you have knock'd up twice already, and I shall be too hard for you still. Since I am at Liberty, I shall *think* for myself, and *vote* for the Men I approve of myself. Did not you go to *Rome*, Sir, for that pretty Evasion to prove my Promise or Determination with myself of no Force. You that preach down *Popery*, do you turn *Jesuit*! Pray tell me what are your Resolutions upon serious Thoughts on any religious Subject. Don't you think yourself bound by them to keep them. — Come, Master, there's an Antidote for your Poison.

Cur. But, Thomas, consider the worth of the Men; consider how extraordinarily they are recommended by the D. of M. the Earl of M——d, and L——y S——n K——k, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Cob. Hey-day! great Names indeed, Sir! — Pray, Sir, let me ask you one civil Question: Is not the first Person you mention kin to the *Dutch Baker* in Queen Anne's Time?

Cur. I don't know who you mean by the *Dutch Baker*: He is a Grandson of the great M——gh who made the French K——g tremble.

Cob. Oh! then I am satisfy'd of his Worth, but am sorry the present Recommender was in any wise kin to him. — I really forget what the Penalty is, by our Law, for a *Baker* here making his Bread under Weight. I remember a

Complaint against this *Dutch Baker* for cheating (I cannot say how many) thousands at every Meal, and for that Reason I don't desire to be related to a *Dutch Baker*. I won't say any Thing of L—d M——d. I hope he is not related to the old L—d C——r, who was fin'd 30000 for ——— What was it, Sir, do you remember? I don't think it could be for his Honesty; for I have a better Opinion of the L—ds and C—ns. If either of your Men values himself upon such Kindred, I think he estimates his Estate by its Lumber.—Let the Sores of Great B—d—n lye closed; for my Part I don't desire to rip them open, or expose them to Air, least it should be attended with a *Mortification*: And as for the romantic Accounts of L—y S——n, say what you will of *her*, or do what you will to *her*, you'll scarce make her blush or br——d. In short, Sir, I cannot think these great Names any Recommendation, nor all the, &c. &c. &c. added to them, to have any Thing to do with my Vote.

Cur. Well then, but for my own Sake, I hope you'll vote that Way, Thomas.

Cob. Come, Sir, I'll put the Thing out of all Dispute; If you'll vote as I desire you, I'll vote the same Way with you, Sir.

Cur. I cannot, consistent with my Conscience, vote for any of the *Old Interest*; because I think they are no Friends to the Government.

Cob. Nor I for any of the *New*, because I know them to be Enemies to the Country, and, I am sure,

sure, the Argument is still on my Side, because it is well known to every One of Common Sense, that an Enemy to his Country can never be a Friend to the Crown: And therefore in my Conscience I am satisfy'd, that *the Old Interest* Folks are the best Men; and I shall set you down in my List, Master, as a Man of no Conscience at all if you in any Shape, desire me *Not* to do, what, upon Principles of Conscience, I am determin'd to do. Let me have no more pressing to dine at the Split Crow I beseech you, Sir.

Cur. But, my old Friend, don't be rash. — We have gone in the *Old Way* long enough. 'Tis time to *change*.

Cob. If the *Old Ways* are best, it betrays a foolish Novelty to quit them.—I think good old *Jeremiah*, in my black Letter'd Bible, is quite against you, Master.—*Stand ye* (says he) *in the Ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths where is the good Way, and walk therein.*——You see, Master, the old Prophet was for *old Interest*, Tooth and Nail; was not he, Sir? But there were then some *New Interest* Chaps, who would not walk therein; but they are condemned for their *Obstinacy* and *Opposition*. There's a Subject for you, Sir, next *Sunday*! Now you are *convicted* and *convinc'd* yourself, tell your *Freeholders*, who are at present in the *New wrong Way*, that they can't make too much Haste to turn to the *Old*, which, you know, is the Way, in which they *should* go.

Cur.

Cur. I believe it is pretty near Dinner Time, but I think I won't go to the *Split-Crow*; for I have no great Appetite for my Dinner.—*Thomas*, good Day to you.

Cob. Sir your Servant. (*alone*) I have cur'd him, I see, plain enough.

F I N I S.

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